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Talks and Walks.

CHAPTER IX

[Continued from p. 88.]

I HOPE you are not tired, kind reader, for we have but just begun our walk. We are now in the very middle of what is called the *Italian Boulevard*. Look at the buildings on either side. Do they not seem like palaces? Observe the flood of people passing and repassing. The finest of these buildings are *cafés*, or coffee-houses, where you may not only get coffee, but delicious fruits, ice-creams, and the like. The rooms in these buildings are fitted up with a magnificence equal to the parlors and drawing-rooms of kings and queens. On every hand you see the most splendid mirrors. The ceilings are adorned with candelabras, that remind you of the tales of Fairy-land. The tables are of curious marble. The chairs are of costly wood, and lined with satin. Carpets, soft as the wool of Thibet, are upon the floor.

Every art has been used in these gay places to gratify the palate and please the senses. On a summer evening, if you chance to be passing here, you will find hundreds, nay, thousands, of people sitting in chairs upon the pavement in front of these coffee-houses. Some are sipping cordials, and some are sipping coffee. Some are taking ice-creams, and others water-ices. But this is not enough for the luxurious Parisians. Not only must the palate be tickled with luxuries, and the eye be charmed with an illumination of the whole street, but the ear must be saluted with music. Groups of itinerant musicians are seen playing or singing to the idle and luxurious throng.

We proceed in our walk. Here is a shop window filled with bronzes. Among these you see copies of almost every famous statue in the world — Apollo, Venus, Laocoön, Hercules, Diana, Antoinus, and hundreds of others. But what is this? See! it is a placard, stating that

all these bronzes are made by means of a new discovery, which enables the workman, in the space of a few hours, to give an exact copy, in bronze, of any piece of statuary.

Passing by shops filled with clocks and others filled with watches, passing by a great variety of stores, we come to the *Passage of the Opera*. This is a kind of covered street, with shops on both sides. It resembles the arcades of London, Philadelphia, and Providence. A little farther along is the *Passage of Jouffroy*. This has been recently finished, and is truly magnificent. On the other side of the street is the *Panorama Passage*, which is considered one of the finest in Paris. The shops there are truly splendid. But, if you have not plenty of money, be careful how you buy there, for the articles are very dear. The price of goods in Paris is generally proportioned to the splendor of the place in which they are sold.

We will go on. Here, at the left, is a vender of stuffed animals. What a curious display in his window! Never have I seen Ike and Izzy more delighted than here. Among other things, there are a couple of small monkeys, dressed like men in the height of fashion. One is sitting in a chair, while the other, who appears to be a dentist, is drawing his tooth. The agony of the patient is displayed in his outstretched legs, his two hands grasping the arms of the chair, and the swelling muscles of his countenance. The professional display of conceit and satisfaction in the operator is admirable. Indifferent to the distress of his victim, he seems to be wrenching the tooth out with as much delight as any child may be im-

agined to feel when he puts a sugar plum in.

There were other curious things in this shop window. I saw a pair of mice, fighting a duel with swords; a goggling owl, sitting by a lamp and reading a book which he held in his hand; and a bird of paradise like a young lady in full costume. There were many other conceits of a similar kind.

It is quite in vain to describe one half of the curious things to be seen in a walk along the Boulevards. The same succession of splendid buildings and splendid shops; the same endless throng; the same variety of curious and interesting things, are met with for miles. At length the scene changes in some degree. The street is equally crowded, but the people seem to be of an humbler class. The shops and buildings are less splendid. There is more appearance of business, and less an aspect of leisure. At the same time, there is a curious mixture of places of amusement in the midst of the busy scene. Theatres, public gardens, shooting galleries, and other establishments of the kind, are visible on either side. You see jugglers performing their tricks on the pavement. In a little room erected upon a scaffold, you observe a company of harlequins, delighting an audience with their mummeries. Farther along are various other exhibitions, according to the old advertisements, "too tedious to particularize."

Continuing our walk, we reach, at length, the *Place of the Bastille*. Here is the site of the celebrated prison which was thrown down by the mob of Paris, at the beginning of what is called the *French*

revolution. This took place nearly sixty years ago.

Leaving this spot, we come to the River Seine. This we cross, and, passing the famous *Garden of Plants* on the right, we at length reach the *Barrier of Italy*. This is one of the gates of the city by which the people pass in and out. Here the Boulevard terminates; and here is the inner wall, which I have before described as encircling Paris. If you pass outside of this wall, you will find what is called the *exterior Boulevard*, which runs close to the wall round the whole city.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER we had been some time in Paris, I asked Izzy which she preferred, the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Boulevards, or the *Elysian Fields*? She seemed embarrassed by the question, and finally answered by saying that sometimes she preferred one and sometimes the other. It is indeed difficult to choose between them. On a fine day, when one desires pleasing and tranquil amusement, perhaps the Gardens of the Tuileries will be best suited to his humor. If he wishes variety and exercise, he may stroll along the Boulevards. If his spirits are high, and he wishes to see the Parisians in all their gayety, let him go to the *Elysian Fields*.

The latter, called *Champs Elysees* by the French, have their name from the imaginary paradise of the ancient Greeks. It is indeed a kind of paradise, and such as is found nowhere else. It is difficult to describe it; yet I must undertake the task. Let us suppose, then, that we have

been sauntering in the Gardens of the Tuileries, and coming to the western gate, pass out into the space that lies before it. This is called *Place de la Concorde*, or "Concord Square." It is a vast area, crossed at right angles by broad streets. In the centre is a column or obelisk, one hundred feet in height. The shaft is seventy-two feet in length, and consists of a single stone brought from the ruins of Luxor in Egypt. Its sides are covered with hieroglyphics, and, though these were probably executed more than three thousand years ago, the carving appears as perfect as if it had been completed within the present year.

This monument is in itself a wonder; yet the objects around are worthy attendants of such a work. Where in the world is there such another scene? Looking to the east, you have the Gardens of the Tuileries, and, through a long opening in the trees, you see the palace itself. To the north is the sublime edifice of the *Madelaine*, seen through a street magnificent for its architecture. On the south is the Chamber of Deputies, a splendid edifice, which you approach by crossing a bridge over the Seine. To the west are the *Elysian Fields*. These consist of a space one fourth of a mile in width, and a mile and a quarter in length, nearly covered with trees, yet sprinkled here and there with beautiful coffee-houses, and places of public amusement. Through the centre is a broad avenue, with a superb promenade on either side. At the extremity is the triumphal arch, a monument which, for beauty and sublimity, is perhaps unequalled.

Such are the more prominent objects which arrest the attention of the beholder,

standing in the centre of the *Place de la Concorde*, and at the foot of the obelisk of Luxor. Nearer at hand, and within the square, are four superb fountains. These are sending their columns of water high in air, and, if the weather be warm, diffusing a delicious coolness around. If you approach these fountains, you will see that colossal figures, the upper part bearing the forms of men and women, are clasping the images of various animals in their arms, from the mouths of which water is spouted into the air.

Let us suppose that it is now about two o'clock in the afternoon. A flood of people are pouring through the western gate of the Gardens of the Tuileries, and taking their way to the great avenue of the Elysian Fields. A perpetual stream of coaches is pouring through the streets of the city, and, crossing the *Place de la Concorde*, also enter the great avenue. These are of every fancy, from the rich and gorgeous coach, loaded with gold lace and glittering with ornaments, down to the sober one-horse *Berlin* of the humble citizen. These carriages are driven into the avenue. The ladies within descend, and join the throng upon the pavement.

What a scene is here! Thousands and thousands of people poured out of the city and collected in one throng in the bosom of this enchanted garden! Here you will see a variety hardly to be found elsewhere. Upon the pavement, you remark two streams of people, one flowing in one direction and the other flowing in the other. Here are persons of every rank, occupation, and condition in life. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the fair and the ugly, are all mingled together. Lawyers, physicians, states-

men, shopkeepers, high-bred dames and their servants, Turks, Greeks, foreign ambassadors, Germans, Englishmen, Americans, soldiers, and citizens,—all, all are here. And all appear to have come without object, except to breathe the fresh air, and mingle in the gay spectacle.

The crowd is chiefly confined to the promenade on the northern side of the avenue. The avenue itself presents a constant succession of equipages, many of which are remarkable for their richness and beauty. They are of every form and pattern that fancy can devise. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen are also riding on horseback.

On the other side of the promenade are a series of very different objects. Numerous little booths are strung along the side of the walks, filled with honey-cake, and comfits of various kinds. In one place you see a pair of scales, where young people are invited to come and be weighed, each paying a *sou*. The French are very much devoted to classical allusions, and accordingly these scales are dedicated to *Astræa*, the goddess of justice.

A little farther along is a small edifice dedicated to the immortal freaks of Punch and Judy. This place is the especial favorite of the young, and I have seen many a fat old pair of sides almost burst with laughter at witnessing the performances. When Ike and Izzy once became interested here, it was always hard work to get them away. Punch had so many queer ways, such droll attitudes, such ridiculous airs, and Mrs. Judy behaved in such an extraordinary fashion, that there was no resisting the fascination.

But these were not the only performances. There was the green man and

the soldier, who gave each other many a hard knock; and then there was puss, a real puss; and a frizzle-pated image, called *the Doctor*. Puss was an enormous cat, of the Maltese breed. She performed her part to admiration; now attacked, and now retreated; now stood aloof, and now clapperclawed the doctor's wig like a genuine virago.

The line of cake-shops continues for a mile, broken here and there by various objects designed for amusement. Back from the pavement, and scattered beneath the trees, are various contrivances calculated to please the young. In one spot, four large boats are hung in air, and made to revolve around a tall pole; filled with young people, they perform their circuit, rising and falling as they go. In one place, you see a man with a crossbow in his hand, and around him he has dozens of little plaster images. At the distance of ten yards is a table; upon this the man places one of his images, and, for two sous, you may shoot an arrow at it with the crossbow.

Ike admired this sport exceedingly. The bow was of steel, and the arrow sped with great force. The boy had an accurate eye, and he splintered one of the images in pieces at every other shot.

But what comes here? It is a little coach-and-six; but, instead of horses, the vehicle is drawn by goats.

It is indeed a gay equipage. The harness is glittering with silver plate, and the little carriage itself is beautifully fitted up. Six children are within. How their eyes flash, and their cheeks glisten! One of them is driving. Bravo! how he cuts and slashes with his whip!

But who is this little melancholy-look-

ing boy that stands at your side and gazes wistfully into your face? And what is that strange animal he carries upon his shoulder? The boy is a Swiss, and the animal is a marmot, a creature resembling our woodchuck. He has come all the way from his mountain country, and this little beast is his only friend in the great city. He asks for a single sou, and who can refuse to give it?

But hark! what strange jingle is that? A man without legs has a place fitted up by the pavement, and here he sits striking four little bells, and playing upon a bad fiddle, hoping that he too may now and then win a penny from the passers-by.

There are few beggars now in Paris. But there was one whom I always met, in the gay throng of the Elysian Fields, that touched me with melancholy. He was blind; and, as he was led along by a guide, he was always singing some sad and plaintive tune. Yet his countenance was cheerful; and when he heard a sou chink into his purse, a ray of pleasure flushed over his face. It seemed, however, like light, momentary and evanescent in the midst of darkness. Alas! what can be so hopeless as the extinction of sight!

What means that group beneath yonder trees? Let us approach and see. In the centre is an athletic man, low in stature, but stout and broad-shouldered. He has his cap in his hand, and seems to be addressing the circle of persons that are gathered around him. Lying upon the ground before him is a large stone, and upon it is another, about four inches in diameter. He hands it round, and it is carefully examined by various persons. It is a nodule of granite. The man

wants thirty sous, and promises to break it in pieces with a blow of his fist. The thirty sous are soon collected, and the smaller stone is laid upon the larger one. After due preparation, the man strikes it with his fist, and it is broken into a dozen pieces. There is no deception, no trick in this. The performance has been witnessed hundreds of times. It is a wonderful example of the force of a blow that may be given by the human hand.

Passing by a great variety of objects, we pursue our walk. The crowd continues with us. At last, we reach the barrier or wall of the city. Going through the gate, the *Arch of Triumph* is before us. What a sublime, what a wonderful structure! It was begun by Napoleon, to celebrate his battles. He was driven from Paris, and it was left to be completed by the present king, Louis Philippe. It is an enormous arch, standing upon four piers. Its height is one hundred and fifty-two feet. You can ascend to the top, and have a view of Paris and the surrounding country.

It is impossible to stand upon the ground and look up at this monument without a feeling approaching to awe. As you continue to gaze upon it, the edifice seems to grow more and more grand, until you are filled with an emotion of sublimity. If you examine the work in detail, you will perceive that it is covered with exquisite carvings, presenting various scenes from Bonaparte's battles, and portraits of a great number of his most celebrated generals.

But it is time to return. The sun is sinking in the west, and the tide of people is flowing back to the city. The avenue of the Elysian Fields, and the *Place de la*

Concorde, are roaring with the thunder of the carriages now in motion. The throng upon the pavement is pouring along in one broad stream towards the Square, whence it is broken and dispersed through various avenues. The cake-women gather in their stores. Punch and Judy are gone. The blind man's song is done. The little Swiss boy and his marmot have gone to their hiding-place. It is sunset; the pageant has fled, and the Elysian Fields are left alone, save that here and there an individual is seen pursuing his business or returning to his home

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Galvanism.

A NAME derived from *Galvani*, an Italian, who discovered that certain metals, dissimilar in their nature, developed a power which resembles the electric fluid. His discovery subsequently led to the formation of the Galvanic Battery, in which plates of different metals are arranged in pairs, with a saline or acid solution betwixt each pair, and from which the galvanic fluid may be drawn off by conductors, producing effects similar to those caused by electricity. The electro-galvanic fluid is used by chemists in decomposing compound bodies, and for other purposes. It has been called *animal electricity*, from its effect on the animal muscle.

WEALTH is more esteemed by the vulgar than talent; for, although talent is the most valuable, wealth is the most easily understood.



The Meteor Monks.

THE Meteor or Meteora Monks are a community of Greek anchorites, who dwell in a number of convents on the summit of a cluster of lofty rocks, called, from their height, *Meteora*, and situated in Northern Greece, near the river Peneus.

The little town of Kalabaka is built directly at the foot of these rocky heights, which mount up over it in so bold a manner, that they seem to hang in the air over the heads of the inhabitants. The monasteries were formerly twenty-four in number, but are now reduced to ten. Their situation is too extraordinary to be adequately described in language or even by pictures. Some of them stand on the very summits of the rocky pinnacles, and

others in caverns scooped out of the perpendicular sides of the rocks, so as to seem inapproachable by the foot of man.

The only access to these aerial dwellings is by means of ropes and ladders fixed to projecting points and edges of the rock. To enter some of these, the visitor must be put into a bag and hoisted up twice as high as the top of a common church spire.

These monasteries are of great antiquity; but the monks themselves are ignorant of the date of their foundation. They were probably built in times of great political convulsions, and afforded a secure retreat to the inmates at a period when the country around them was exposed to the ravages of invading armies and troops of banditti. A

lonely traveller now sometimes pays a visit to these secluded abodes, where the monks continue their old life of solitary devotion, and seem almost entirely separated from the world below them.

"Take Care of Number One!"

CHAPTER XX

[Continued from p. 84.]

IT was long before Jacob could assure himself that the place before him was actually the site of his former home. The ruins of the old cottage, the irregular rail fence which enclosed the home lot, the scattered bits of wood and shapeless heaps of stone, had vanished, and in their place appeared a tall and handsome edifice, white picket fence, a garden artificially laid out in beds, and all the attendants of a handsome country residence.

Having walked backward and forward several times, Jacob came to the conclusion that this was, indeed, the spot upon which he had spent his early days. Nor was he long in forming a conjecture as to the means by which such a transformation had been wrought. "This," said he to himself, "is doubtless the work of lawyer Sponge. Having appropriated my father's money to his own use, it is but natural that he should dispose of his land in the same way. The will is no doubt destroyed, and, probably, the lawyer thinks me as good as dead. So he has ventured to pile up the fruits of his iniquity upon the very place of my birth, the place where my father died, and the only piece of earth for which I have any peculiar regard."

While this train of thought was passing

through Jacob's mind, it chanced that a stout gentleman opened the front door. There seemed to be an abundance of light within, and the well-fed proprietor had on his best attire. Jacob immediately recognized the lawyer, though his figure had thriven marvellously within the last half dozen years.

Jacob stood at a little distance during these observations. He soon saw several persons come along the street and enter the house. Two or three carriages, one after the other, advanced to the door, and gayly-dressed ladies, descending, also entered the mansion. "Aha!" said Jacob to himself, "I think I can now understand the meaning of this. The squire's fine mansion is just finished, and to-night he is to have his *house-warming*. I have half a mind to be one of his guests, though I have no invitation."

After a few moments, the youth's mind assumed a more bitter tone, and, thinking over the injustice that had been done him by this same lawyer, he turned on his heel and pursued his walk along the street. After a short space, he struck into a narrow lane, and, buried in gloomy thoughts, went on for half an hour, scarcely noticing the objects near him. It was quite dark, and the scene around was desolate and gloomy. At last, he came to a small, barren hill-side, upon the slope of which he could discover a number of dusky and indistinct forms. Turning into the field, he passed through ranges of grave-stones until he came to a low mound, covered only with broken sods. Here he sat down; and, though he was now a man, we must record that the tears flowed freely, for here slept the remains of his father.

Having remained here for half an hour, indulging in gloomy reflections, Jacob arose and pursued his way back to the village. As he again passed the house of the lawyer, light and music seemed gushing from every window. There were sounds of cheerful voices within; and the measured swing of the dance was audible. Hastening his steps, as if these things grated upon his feelings, the young man passed on; and, seeking his room at the tavern, he was soon buried in sleep.

It was past midnight, when the deathlike stillness of the town was broken by that cry, so fearful in a country place, "Fire! fire! fire!" The people were soon roused, but Jacob slept soundly, and it was not till the cry was several times repeated, that he was awakened. Perceiving that the inmates of the house were in motion, he hastily dressed himself, descended into the street, and, following the course of the rushing throng, he came at last to the house of the lawyer, which had so recently been the scene of mirth and festivity. It now presented a very different spectacle. The lower part of the building was on fire, and the blaze, amid thick volumes of smoke, was bursting from the windows and door. The lawyer and his family had but just escaped. The people gathered around the conflagration, but, little used to such a scene, they were all in a state of bewilderment and confusion. Some ran for water, and others for ladders; some stood still, incapable of action; others ran hither and thither doing nothing, yet calling upon others to do every thing.

Affairs were in this state when Jacob arrived. We must admit that his first feeling was that of gratification. When the lawyer and his family passed by him,

he even enjoyed a flash of pleasure as he beheld their distress. But a new incident was now presented. It was perceived that one of the lawyer's children was missing—the youngest, a girl of six years old. The mother was the first to make the discovery. In her bewilderment of mind, she had all now forgotten this member of her family.

Inquiry was immediately made, and when the fact, that the child was indeed missing, came home to the mother's mind, she was in a state bordering upon distraction. Nor was even the cold, calculating father much less disturbed. They both turned back to make an effort for the deliverance of their child. At that moment she appeared at one of the attic windows: this she had raised, and, looking forth, spread out her arms and screamed for help. Amid the roar of the flames, and the din of voices, her piercing cries were distinctly heard; and the sounds of "Father! father! Mother! mother!" came upon the ear!

The distracted parents ran hither and thither, wringing their hands in speechless agony, while shouts and cries, expressive of horror and despair, seemed to rise from every quarter.

Up to this moment Jacob had stood a cold spectator of the scene. But in an instant his whole manner was changed. Proceeding to the spot, he made a rapid circuit around the building. The flames and smoke completely encircled it on three sides. The fourth presented a blank wall of brick, forming the gable-end of the house, and terminating in a high chimney above. A lightning-rod ran up the centre of the wall, and rose above the top of this chimney. Speaking to no

one, Jacob buttoned close his jacket, and began to ascend the rod. He was three fourths of the way up before he was noticed by the throng. Every eye was now directed to him. He continued to ascend amid the admiration and applause of the spectators. He had now nearly reached the top, when he began to feel the staples of the rod giving way. The light of the conflagration shone strong upon him, and the crowd beneath, at the same moment, observed the danger. There was a momentary silence, and every one held their breath in expectation of the catastrophe which seemed inevitable.

Jacob, however, did not lose his presence of mind. He reached forth and clasped his hand over the brick that formed the coving of the wall down the slope of the roof. At the same moment he sprang upward, and, while the lightning-rod fell its whole length upon the earth, he stood safe upon the top of the building. Proceeding to the scuttle, he wrenched it open by main force, and, descending, disappeared from the view of the beholders.

Though Jacob's enterprise appeared to offer no good grounds of hope for the escape of the child for whose rescue he thus perilled his life, yet there was something in his very daring which inspired courage. Nor did the fact that he was an entire stranger abate this feeling. "Who is he? what is he?" was heard from a hundred voices. No one could answer. It was a kind of mystery, and this seemed to be a source of confidence. The crowd stood still, in breathless expectation. All other efforts were suspended. The father and mother were winging

their hands and uttering the most passionate wailings.

The minutes that now passed seemed lengthened into hours. The little girl had disappeared from the window from which volumes of smoke were issuing. The flames had advanced, and the whole exterior part of the building, save that where Jacob had ascended, was wrapped in flames. The spectacle was appalling, and almost every heart seemed to sink with despondency. Minute after minute passed, and nothing was seen or heard from the adventurer. Every other effort was stopped; the only hope was in him. The suspense at last amounted to agony. There was now a terrific sound, a crash, within the building: a groan passed over the crowd. "He is lost! he is lost!" was heard on every side.

At that moment, however, something was seen emerging from the opening in the roof. In a few moments, Jacob was discerned with the child wrapped in a blanket, and firmly lashed to his back. In his arms he had a long rope, made of strips of sheets and blankets tied together. Proceeding to that end of the building where he had ascended, he fastened this to the coving, and, swinging himself over, began to descend. But by this time the flames had passed round the corner of the building, and began to leap in broad and fitful flashes across his very path. He looked down and saw the danger. For a moment he hesitated, yet but for a moment. Coming to the point threatened by the flames, he paused, and then sliding rapidly forward, as they recoiled, he escaped, and soon reached the ground.

Both he and the child were safe; but, for a space, they were both in a state of

insensibility. After a little time, Jacob recovered, and, taking advantage of the confusion, passed amid the crowd, and returned to his lodgings. The relief of the parents we shall not attempt to describe. In this feeling the people around fully sympathized; nor was their admiration of the manner in which the rescue had been performed, of a less lively nature. To all,

the deliverance seemed marvellous. To some, it was almost miraculous. "Who is this stranger?" said one; "Where is he?" said another; and then every body began to inquire for him. Nobody could find him, and at last the people dispersed, to tell over the wonderful incidents which occurred at the burning of Squire Sponge's new house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Kamtschatkans.

THE Kamtschatkans are a people inhabiting the eastern part of Asiatic Russia. According to the accounts of modern travellers, their numbers constantly diminish so fast that in a short time the whole race will become extinct.

They are a people of short stature, having large heads, long, flat faces, thin

lips, and little hair. The women have fine skins, very small hands and feet, and a tolerably well-proportioned shape. Both sexes wear an under 'dress of cotton, and wide trousers of deer-skin, boots of leather, and fur caps.

The chief occupation of the men is fishing. In summer, the women go mu-

the woods to gather vegetables. They travel on light carriages, on which they sit sideways, and instead of reindeer they are drawn by dogs. These animals are yoked together in couples by straps of leather. A single dog goes ahead as a leader, and this one is always the most sagacious and best trained to understand the voice and signals of the driver.

The Kamtschatkans have two sorts of houses, called *balagans* and *isbas*; the former being the summer and the latter the winter habitations. The *balagan* is raised above the ground by a number of posts, placed at equal distances, ten or twelve feet high. This rough sort of colonnade supports in the air a platform made of rafters, laid close together and covered with clay. This platform serves as a floor to the whole building, which is erected above it, in the shape of a cone, and thatched with dry grass.

This forms the only room in the house. An opening at the top serves to let out the smoke when victuals are cooked, which is done in the middle of the room. There are no windows, and only one door admits the inmates by the help of a ladder from the ground. This ladder consists of the trunk of a tree with steps notched on one side. When they wish to give notice that they are "not at home," they turn the steps of the ladder downward, — a sign that every body understands. This is equal to our "pulling in the string of the latch."

Motives of convenience probably suggested to these people the idea of such singular dwellings, which their mode of living renders necessary and commodious. Their principal food being dried fish, which is also the provender of their dogs,

it is necessary, in order to dry their fish, that they should have a place sheltered from the heat of the sun, and at the same time well aired. Such a spot they find under the colonnades, or rustic porticoes of these *balagans*, and here they hang their fish, out of the reach of the dogs.

The *isba* is partly subterranean. A cellar is dug to the depth of six feet, and the remainder of the dwelling is built above ground, so that it looks externally like the roof of an ice-house, or a round, squat hillock. The inside is furnished with platforms of boards, which are covered with mats and skins, and serve the purpose of seats and beds. These dwellings are kept so warm by means of stoves as to be intolerable to a stranger; and the hotter they are heated, the greater honor is supposed to be done to the guests.

The windows have no glass, but instead of it panes of fish-skin scraped so thin as to become almost transparent. Sometimes they use leaves of talc, or mica, for this purpose. The houses contain great numbers of images of different saints, which the Kamtschatkans exhibit with as much pride and satisfaction, as a rich European displays his gallery of choice paintings.

The Kamtschatkans are mild and hospitable. They live together in the greatest harmony, assisting each other in all their labors. Theft and violence seem to be altogether unknown among them; and their greatest happiness is to eat and drink, and live in tranquil indolence. This is carried so far, that they frequently neglect to provide for their wants in season, and therefore suffer severely from famine.

Typee.

A VERY amusing book, with the above title, has recently been published in New York, by Wiley & Putnam. We propose to give an outline of the story, recommending our readers to peruse the original, whenever they find an opportunity.

HERMAN MELVILLE shipped as a common sailor on board a vessel, called the *Dolly*, bound for the South Seas, on a whaling voyage. In the summer of 1842, having been six months out of sight of land, and having consumed all their fruit, vegetables, and every thing like fresh provisions, the captain determined to shape his course for the Marquesas Islands.

These are a group of islands in the South Pacific, between eight and ten degrees south latitude, and about one hundred and forty degrees west longitude; that is, nearly in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. They were first discovered by the Spaniards, A. D. 1595, and were named in honor of the Marquis of Mendoza. They are inhabited by a red-skinned race of savages, resembling in some respects our American Indians.

The largest island is called *Nukuheva*; and to this island the prow of the good ship *Dolly* was now turned. Being in the course of the trade-winds, they ran down under easy sail, and, in eighteen or twenty days, "Land ho!" was shouted from the mast-head.

The next morning, they were coasting along the shore, admiring the wild and beautiful scenery which the turn of every headland disclosed to view. The bay

itself of *Nukuheva* is described as of surpassing beauty.

Here they found good anchorage, and had hardly arrived when the *Dolly* was boarded by an immense number of the natives; some in canoes, some swimming; some bringing strings of coconuts for sale; but the greater part coming for the mere gratification of their curiosity.

Besides the settlement of *Nukuheva*, which bears the same name as the island, there are two others; viz., *Happar*, the inhabitants of which are on friendly terms with those of *Nukuheva*, and *Typee*, on the farther side of *Happar*, where the natives are said to be cannibals, and are described as of a ferocious nature. The word *Typee* signifies, in the Marquesan language, a lover of human flesh. All the sailors had heard of this valley of *Typee*, and as they coasted along in sight of it, they shuddered as they fancied themselves in the power of the savages.

The ship had not been long at *Nukuheva*, when Melville determined to desert. He felt that, under ordinary circumstances, this would be a dishonorable act, he having engaged for the voyage. But, as the captain had not complied with his agreement, and had treated his men with great severity, — neglecting the sick, keeping all hands short of provisions, and answering their just complaints with a blow from a handspike, — Melville thought he would be justified in not fulfilling his part of the contract. There was no one to apply to for redress; and so he determined, in plain language, to run off.

He was afraid to communicate his plan to his shipmates, lest he should be betrayed. There was, however, among

them, a smart, active young fellow, who went by the name of Toby. This Toby was a character, in his way, and had evidently seen better circumstances.

He was small, tight-built, as bold as a lion, and had an eye of fire, and a temper that, when roused, would make the biggest quail with fear. Melville felt that there was some secret sympathy between him and Toby; and one night, as he saw the latter leaning against the bulwarks, lost in thought, the idea struck him what a pleasant thing it would be to have a companion in his escape. Accordingly he ventured to communicate his plan to Toby.

Toby was ready for any thing. They made all their plans, and agreed to execute them the next day; and, shaking hands, parted, to sleep their last night aboard the Dolly.

The next day, the starboard watch, (half the crew,) to which both Melville and Toby belonged, were allowed to go ashore. Previous to going, these two dressed themselves in plain, stout clothes, and stowed away some bread and tobacco in their bosoms and pockets. Their plan was, to make for the mountain as soon as possible, where there was but little danger of meeting any of the natives; to stay there until the ship should sail away, living on the fruits they expected to find, and then descend again into the valley of Nukuheva.

Soon after landing, the rain began to pour in torrents, and they fled for shelter to a canoe-house. The rest of the sailors, one after another, fell asleep, lulled by the pattering of the rain. Now, Melville and Toby stepped out of the house, and plunged at once into the recesses of a grove.

The top of the mountain was just visible through the thick, tropical rain, and, with this in their eye, they pushed on as quick as the dense forest and their soaked garments would let them, not daring to cast a glance behind. After great labor, they at last reached the lofty summit, a few hours before sunset, and were delighted with the view.

They had been disappointed in not finding any fruit, and they now sat down and examined their provisions. The rain had completely saturated their bread, and there was nothing left but a soft, doughy mass, mixed up with pieces of tobacco. This was certainly not appetizing, but it was all they had to keep life in them; and as it would never do to return to Nukuheva before their ship had sailed, they divided this paste into six equal portions, and agreed to eat only one a day; hoping, at the end of six days, that they might go back with safety. This amounted to about half a table-spoonful for each a day!

They now turned their backs on Nukuheva, and looked out for a place of shelter for the night. Soon they came upon a sort of footpath, which frightened them almost as much as the foot-prints in the sand did Robinson Crusoe; so disagreeable to them was the idea of meeting with any of the savages. It led them, however, to a deep gully in the rock; and here they concluded to spend the night.

But there was no sleep for them; the rain poured in torrents all night long, and beat through their shelter, and they were glad to get up as soon as the day dawned. The rain now ceased for a short time, and they took up their soaked garments, wrung them, and ate their half-spoonful

of mush with a keen appetite, for it was the first food they had tasted for twenty-four hours:

But this kind of life could not last long. Melville began to feel some pretty bad symptoms. Cold shiverings and fever turns succeeded one another, and one of his legs swelled to an alarming size, and made it very difficult for him to rove about.

The second day, they came suddenly in sight of a beautiful valley, on the other side of the island. It was completely carpeted with verdure, interspersed with shining streams of water, and dotted over with the pretty bamboo huts of the islanders. It was like a glimpse of Paradise; and their first impulse, as they leaned over the steep precipice, was to make for it at once.

But now came the important question; *Was it Happar, or was it Typee?* Should they meet with a friendly welcome, or should they fall into the hands of a set of bloodthirsty cannibals? The thought of this made them shudder; and rather than run the risk, they decided to push on in search of some other valley, where they might find fruit, and means of supporting life, without fear of being made a meal of by the natives.

There was no end to the difficulties of this route. The whole country consisted of steep ridges, separated by deep ravines, running right across the direction of their proposed journey. Now, they were obliged to slide down precipices, at the imminent risk of breaking their necks, and now, to climb a perpendicular wall of rock, that offered no assistance but the roots and boughs of trees. On the tops of these ridges they were melted by the

heat, and, at the bottom of the gulches, almost frozen with cold.

Meanwhile, Melville's leg grew worse; and having passed a sleepless night, the next morning they held a council as to what was best to be done. "Go down to the valley we saw yesterday," said Toby. "Depend upon it, your fears of those Typees is all nonsense; we can't stop and starve in these soppy caverns here, and I prefer to 'run the risk.'"

Melville felt that there was but little choice left; they could not return to Nukuheva — they could not stay where they were. So it was decided to follow the course of the stream that roared through the ravine, and trust to its guidance to take them to what Toby insisted on calling "the lovely valley of the Happers." Melville followed his gay companion with a boding heart, saying, "I pray Heaven you may not find yourself deceived."

But the difficulties of the journey were by no means ended. Now, they had not to climb mountains, and slide down precipices; but the course of the stream they proposed to follow was any thing but an easy one. Sometimes it would rush foaming through its narrow bed, pent in between steep walls of rocks, that offered no projection for foot or hand. Sometimes it would make a sheer fall of hundreds of feet over a ledge of rocks that shelved backwards from the top.

None but sailors could conquer difficulties like these. Toby, being the lighter and more active, always went ahead. Now, he would swing himself over the abyss with the agility of a monkey, catching at the long roots of the trees that hung from the cliffs. Now, he would jump down

into the top of a palm-tree, and find himself fifty feet below his companion in as many seconds. Indeed, nothing seemed to daunt this daring fellow.

Melville, being much heavier, and suffering with his lameness, followed at greater disadvantage — but still followed — and followed alive.

After a series of hairbreadth escapes and unheard-of sufferings, at the end of five days, they at length stood at the head of the valley they had seen from the summit of the mountain.

"Typee or Happar?" was still the question, and a fearful one it was. Toby began to show a little more caution now, and suggested concealment. But Melville said that, having come down, the only course was to go manfully forward. Indeed, having come so far, there was no retreating. Accordingly, they advanced with caution, looking into every thicket, as they passed along, and watching for any sign of the vicinity of the savages. These signs soon became unmistakable; and presently they discovered two figures standing amid the dense foliage.

Melville's mind was made up at once; and, breaking a bough from a tree, he went towards them, waving it in token of peace. They were a boy and girl. After a short conversation by signs, they were asked to lead the way to some shelter from the rain. "Typee or Happar, Toby?" said Melville. "Of course, Happar," answered Toby.

The natives now poured out to meet the strangers, and gazed at them with the greatest curiosity. They led them into a large building of bamboos, and crowded

in, shouting, and dancing, and appearing in the greatest state of excitement.

It was now evening, and the room but dimly lighted by small tapers. A group of chiefs took their places near the visitors, and regarded them in stern silence. One of them in particular, a noble warrior, fairly looked Melville out of countenance, and refused his offer of a piece of tobacco. Was this a sign of hostility? "Typee or Happar?" again said Melville to himself. He started; for, at the same moment, this very question was put to him by the stern warrior. He turned to Toby, and saw his face pale with fear, at this fatal question. Melville paused a second, and then, from some sudden impulse, answered, "Typee." The chief nodded approvingly, and added, "*Mortarkee!*" meaning good. "Typee mortarkee," added Melville; and now, all doubt was at an end!

The dark figures leaped up, and danced round the strangers with transport; shouting all the time, "*Typee mortarkee! Typee mortarkee!*" The chief, whose aspect was before so forbidding, now showed signs of great friendship; said his name was *Meheri*, and asked the name of his guests. Melville thought his own name would be too much for them to master, and so called himself *Tom*; and by the name of *Tommo* he was known ever after.

They now held a kind of levee — troops of natives coming in, one after the other, giving their names, and asking those of the strangers in return. This ceremony seemed to answer the same purpose as shaking hands does with us, at the reception of distinguished men.

At the end of an hour, Melville told Mehevi that they were in need of food and sleep. The chief ordered a calabash full of *pocé-pocé* (a kind of pudding made of the bread-fruit) to be brought, and some young cocoa-nuts. The repast was followed by a pipe of tobacco; and, about midnight, the crowd had dispersed, leaving a few individuals, who were inmates of the house.

These offered fresh mats; and, extinguishing the tapers, threw themselves down by the side of Melville and Toby, and were soon asleep. Melville followed their example, as soon as his pain and the excitement of mind consequent at finding himself, at last, in this dreaded valley, would permit. And so ended the first day of our adventurers at Typee.

On awaking from a disturbed sleep, the next morning, Melville and Toby found the house filled with young females, gayly decorated with flowers. They seated themselves on mats, and showed signs of the greatest curiosity, — sometimes laughing loud and long, and sometimes regarding Melville's sufferings with compassion; offering him food and fanning the insects away. After they had gone, troops of men continued to pour in until noon.

At last came a superb-looking warrior. His aspect was very imposing, and much enhanced by the magnificence of his dress. On his head was a tiara of gorgeous feathers; on his neck, several large necklaces of boars' tusks. His loins were girded with heavy folds of dark-colored *tappa*, (a cloth made from the bark of trees,) and in his hand was a beautifully-carved paddle-spear, fifteen feet long. His body was covered with the most elaborate tattooing.

As this chief advanced towards Melville with a cordial manner, he recognized the noble Mehevi. Feeling that his influence might be great in determining his fate, Melville resolved to secure his goodwill. In this there was no difficulty; and they had a long and friendly conversation, so far as signs and a knowledge of a few words of their language would allow.

Perceiving the swelling on Melville's leg, Mehevi sent a boy for a physician. The youth soon returned, bringing with him an aged islander, with a bald head and silvery beard. He was clad in a flowing robe of tappa; and with a long, white wand in his hand, had much the appearance of a magician. The old fellow seized Melville's leg, and at once began to pound it very much as a cook does a tough beefsteak, before putting it on the gridiron. Melville roared with pain; but his doctor was inexorable, and did not cease till they were both fairly exhausted. He then swathed the limb in bandages of wet leaves, muttered a spell over it, and departed.

Before leaving, Mehevi gave Melville to understand that one of the inmates of the house, called Kory-Kory, was to be his body servant; and never was there a more faithful fellow, not excepting even Crusoe's man Friday.

Kory-Kory was a stout, active young man, about twenty-five years old, six feet high, and of a most extraordinary appearance. His head was closely shaven, excepting two spots near the crown, as big as a dollar. Here the hair grew to a great length, and, being twisted up, gave him the appearance of having a pair of horns. His face was adorned by three broad strips of tattooing and his whole

body covered with pictures of birds and fishes.

The father and mother of Kory-Kory, who lived in the same house, deserve notice. The former, named Marheyo, was a very queer old gentleman, and gave signs of being a little superannuated. His nominal occupation was building a bamboo hut; but, during the four months Melville lived with him, he saw no progress made in it. He would spend most of the day in putting on and off a pair of ear-ornaments, made of some great monster's teeth; occasionally diversifying this by seizing his spear, and stalking out beneath the trees. His wife, Tinor, was a model of a hard-working housewife, and did more labor than any one else in the valley.

The household consisted, besides, of several dissipated young men, who did nothing but get tipsy on *arva** and tobacco, and some lovely damsels, who employed themselves in making tappa—that is, during the little time they were not gadding and gossiping.

Among the latter shone preëminent the beautiful nymph, Fayaway, Melville's peculiar favorite. Her figure was the perfection of grace, her complexion a rich olive, her face a rounded oval, her teeth of dazzling whiteness, and her deep brown hair fell in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and half concealed her form from view. Her pure skin had been spared by the tattooers; and, with no addition to nature's charms, save a tunic of white tappa, and a chaplet and necklace of flowers, she was the personification of savage loveliness.

* A stimulating liquor made from the root of a tree.

In the afternoon, Mehevi paid Tommo another visit, and, rising to depart, invited them to accompany him. Melville pointed to his leg; but Mehevi pointed to Kory-Kory; and the faithful servant backed himself up against the "pi-pi," or elevated terrace of the veranda, like a cat, and Melville was told to get upon his shoulders.

They soon came to the *Taboo* groves, beneath whose dark shadows the horrid rites of the savages are celebrated. In the midst is a large building called the *Ti*. Here no female is ever allowed to enter, and the *Ti* answers very much the same purpose to the ruling sex, that our club-rooms do to the gentlemen of civilized life. Melville and Toby were received with hospitality; supper was served, pipes handed round, and then mats were furnished for the night.

Awaking from an uneasy nap about midnight, as he thought, Melville found himself in complete darkness, and alone. Suspicious of evil, he roused Toby. Before long, they saw shoots of flame in the forest, and dark figures before them, dancing about like demons.

"What can this mean, Toby?" said Melville.

"O, nothing," answered he, coolly—"getting the fire ready, I suppose."

"What for?"

"Why, to cook us, to be sure."

This was not a pleasant prospect, certainly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN we profess to ask for advice, we often seek only for approbation.



The Shark Story.

“WELL, ladies,” said Captain Barnacle, “as you insist upon it, I will tell you a sea story. You must know that I was once sailing in the ship Orient for China. We doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and, running a little too far to northward, we came near the coast of Madagascar. The sea in this quarter is filled with coral reefs. The coral grows like forests, and the tops frequently reach nearly to the surface. One day, while in this dangerous region, we were be-

calmed; the ship lay like a log on the water; the sea around was as smooth as a mirror.

"In looking down into the waves, I could see the coral groves, and between them there were various fishes sauntering about, quite at their leisure. Among the rest, I noticed an enormous shark, of the most voracious kind. He was evidently seeking whom he might devour. As I was looking at him, he turned his eye upon me, and showed his white, hooked teeth, as much as to say, 'Come down here, captain, and I will eat you.'

"I did not accept his invitation; but while I was standing by the side of the vessel, my gold watch, chain and all, was accidentally jerked into the sea. Down it went amongst the branches and leaves of the coral. I could see nothing of it, and when I looked for the shark, he was gone.

"There was no help for the accident. The next morning, the breeze sprung up, and we went on our way. We spent two months at Canton, and then set out on our return. When we again arrived in the neighborhood of Madagascar, we were again becalmed. Looking over the side of the ship, I saw a shark, which seemed like the very fellow I had become acquainted with on my outward passage. One of the sailors got a large iron hook, to which a rope was attached; on the hook he fastened a piece of salt pork, and threw it overboard. The shark soon saw the bait, and immediately took it into his jaws, hook and all. The sailor then gave a pull, and the monster was firmly drawn upon deck. He seemed to feel as if he had fallen out of bed, for he made a terrible banging with his tail. Well, the

sailors went to work and cut him open; and what do you think they found?"

"The gold watch," said both the ladies at once.

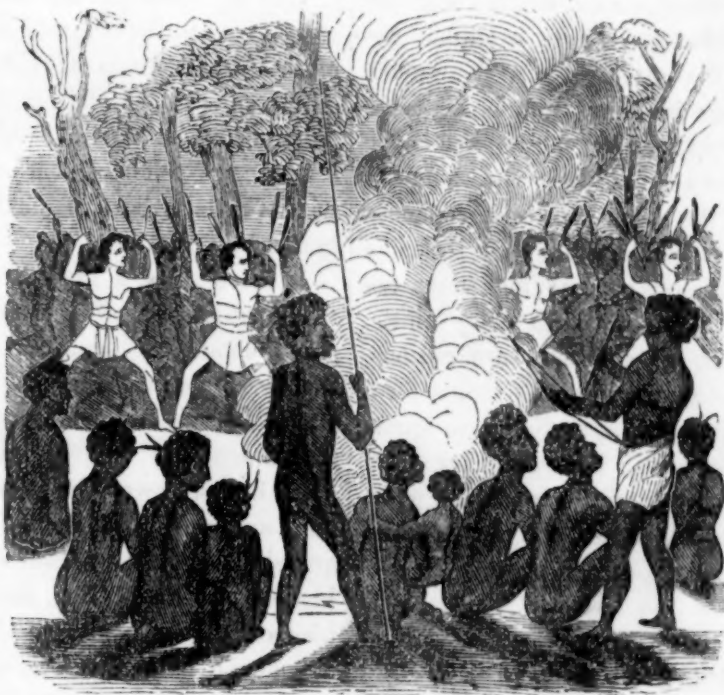
"No," said the captain; "they found nothing but entrails."

A Rogue in Paris.

FEW days since, "Dr. Thierry, a member of the Municipal Council, saw, in the Boulevard, a crowd form round a young man, poorly dressed, and who appeared to have fallen exhausted from want of food. Pushing his way up to him, the doctor gave him money, inquired his address, and sent him home in a cabriolet, promising to call and see him in the evening, and do something for him. On going to the address indicated, the doctor was surprised to find that no such person as the unfortunate young man was known there; and he was still more surprised to find that several other charitable individuals had been to inquire after him, but with the same ill success. This, and other circumstances of a like kind, having come to the knowledge of the police, they set an investigation on foot, and soon learned that a young fellow, twenty-four years of age, named Goujon, had for some time past been preying on the public, by pretending to fall exhausted from hunger in the public streets, and by telling a pitiable tale of his distress to the bystanders. As he was shabbily dressed, as his face was daubed in such a manner as to make it deadly pale, and as he played his part admirably, his tale was always believed, and always procured him abundant alms, sometimes as much as thirty

frances or forty francs a day. When not engaged in this singular vocation, M. Goujon figured as a dandy of the first water, lived on the best of the best restaurants, frequented the principal theatres, and solaced himself with the society of a young and handsome actress. The po-

lice have, however, put an end to M. Goujon's splendid existence and fictitious misery, by seizing on him, and throwing him into prison, to await his trial on a charge of swindling the public. A sum of nearly three hundred francs was found by the police at his lodgings."



New Holland.

NEW HOLLAND is the largest island in the world. It is even considered a continent by some. Its extent is nearly equal to all Europe.

The British have made settlements here, which are rapidly increasing. Sidney is the principal town. A great many of the people in this place committed crimes in England, and were sent hither as a punishment. Many of them have led good

lives since their arrival, and have become wealthy and highly respectable. There are a good many other British settlements along the coast. The interior has been but little explored.

It is very curious that the plants, trees, and animals, in New Holland, are mostly different from what are found in any other part of the world. Among the queer animals is the kangaroo, which is

nearly as large as a sheep. It has a pouch for its young ones, like the opossum; with its long, hind legs, and the help of its tail, which operates like a spring, it leaps forty or fifty feet at a bound. The platypus is a quadruped as large as a woodchuck; its body is covered with fur, yet it has a bill like a duck.

There are many other curious creatures here, but nothing is more strange than the native inhabitants. These resemble negroes, and live almost like wild animals. Some of their dwellings are nothing more than hollow caves; yet these people have their fashions and their amusements. Sometimes the men paint their bodies with white stripes, so that they look like walking skeletons; sometimes they engage in wild dances with noisy music. Their modes of courtship are curious. If a man sees a woman he wants for a wife, he takes an opportunity to come upon her unawares; he knocks her down with a club and carries her home; when she comes to her senses, she makes him a dutiful wife.

Wonders of Biography.

No. III.

GUY OF WARWICK.

THE tale of Guy of Warwick, or Sir Guy, was in former times the admiration of all readers in England; and though it has been eclipsed by the more elaborate fictions of a modern age, it is still very popular with the lower classes of that country.

The old English ballad, which has long been sung and recited about the villages and hamlets in England, and contains the

history of this famous hero, is entitled thus: "*A pleasant Song of the valiant Deeds of Chivalry achieved by that noble Knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who, for Love of fair Phillis, became a Hermit, and died in a Cave of a craggy Rock, a Mile distant from Warwick.*" This story used to be sung to the harp, at Christmas dinners and weddings.

Guy of Warwick, according to the old story, lived in the reign of Athelstan, one of the Saxon kings of England, in the tenth century. He fell in love with the daughter of the Earl of Warwick, in consequence of beholding her beauty at Warwick Castle, where he had been entertained by her father.

In those days, a lover was compelled to signalize himself in arms before he could obtain the hand of his mistress. Sir Guy, therefore, crossed the sea, to Germany, in order to be present at a tournament at the emperor's court. Here he bore away the prize from every one, and performed such feats of valor and skill, that the emperor conceived the highest opinion of him, and offered him his daughter in marriage. In the days of chivalry, a champion who was sole conqueror at a tournament, was deemed worthy of the daughter of the greatest monarch.

But Sir Guy modestly rejected the offer on account of his passion for the earl's daughter. After receiving a present of a falcon and a hound, which were regarded as the noblest of gifts in that age, he took his leave of the emperor, and set out to return to England.

One day, in passing by a wood in Germany, he heard a most terrible roaring, and presently discovered a lion and a



Death of Guy of Warwick.

dragon engaged in furious combat. Our knight, seeing the lion begin to faint, took his side in the battle. He slew the dragon; on which the lion, to show his gratitude, ran by the side of the knight's horse like a dog, till hunger compelled him to retire again to the woods.

On his return to England, he paid his respects to King Athelstan, who then held his court in the city of York. The king informed him of a prodigiously large and furious dragon, who was then doing great mischief in Northumberland, destroying men, women, and children, and laying waste the fields of the farmers. Guy undertook to rid the country of this monster, and procuring a guide, he went immediately to the dragon's cave. The monster rushed out with eyes sparkling like fire, and, on Guy's attacking him, bit his lance in two. Guy then drew his sword, and laid about him so manfully, that the dragon was soon sprawling at his feet. The knight cut off his head, carried it to York, and presented it to the king.

This story probably took its rise from an exploit of Guy, in killing some furious wild boars in the north of England, where those fierce animals abounded in former days. Every tale in that age was embellished with a variety of fictitious circumstances; and every wild animal, that had done much mischief, was sure to be magnified into a dragon, with eyes of fire and a poisonous breath.

The Earl of Warwick's daughter, being thus convinced of Sir Guy's honor and courage, gave him her hand, and they were married with great ceremony. On the death of the lady's father, the king created Guy Earl of Warwick. Having

now adopted a life of quiet and retirement, he began to think he had spent too much time in the pursuit of glory, and too little in the pursuit of grace; he therefore determined to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. On his way, he slew a giant who had fifteen young men, who were brothers, in confinement; these our hero released, and sent them home to their disconsolate parents. On his return to England, he found that the Danes had invaded that country, and were committing great ravages. King Athelstan was compelled to take refuge in the city of Winchester, then one of the strongest places in the kingdom. The Danes besieged him here, and at length it was agreed by their commander and the king, that this dispute should be decided by single combat.

In consequence of this, a prodigious giant, named Colbrand, came from the Danish camp and defied the English, as Goliath did the armies of Israel. Guy obtained leave of the king to fight him. He advanced towards the giant, who sneeringly said, "What! art thou the best champion that England can afford?" But our hero answered only with his good sword, and after a most desperate combat, the giant was slain. The Danes, according to the previous agreement, retired to their ships and sailed away.

After various other exploits, among which was the slaying of the terrible "Dun Cow, of Dunsmore heath," Earl Guy reached his home at Warwick in the disguise of a palmer. Here he begged his bread daily at his own castle gate, while his lady within sat mourning at his absence. Guy, having made a vow to live the life of a hermit, buried himself

in a cave in a rock, where he took up his abode in solitude. At last, finding his death approaching, he sent his gold ring to the castle, by which his wife recognized her husband. She repaired to the cave and closed his dying eyes.

Such is the famous legend of Guy of

Warwick, in which some historical facts are mixed up with a great deal of fiction. However, Guy's cave is still in existence, near the town of Warwick, and is shown to all travellers, in that part of England, as one of the curiosities of the neighborhood.



Italian Peasants.

THE climate of a country appears to have great influence upon the people who inhabit it. Where it is very warm all the year round, the people do not need much clothing, or very costly houses; they are likely, therefore, to be indolent, to take the world easy, and let things have their course. In cold

countries, on the contrary, people must have thick clothing and warm, tight, durable houses. Under such circumstances, they must be industrious, in order to procure these necessities.

In no part of the world does there appear to be a more lovely climate than in Italy. It is there never very hot, nor

very cold, and consequently a great mass of the people live an idle life, laboring only to procure the few articles of necessity. In the city of Naples, which is in the southern part of Italy, there are twenty thousand *lazzaroni*, or street beggars. Throughout all parts of Italy, the traveller remarks that the greater portion of the people appear to be extremely poor and ignorant; yet they seem not to be unhappy. They live much in the open air, are content with slight clothing and little food. They are fond of music, and spend a great deal of their time in various kinds of amusement.

Anecdote of Louis Philippe.

SOME months since, the Marquis de Pastoret was summoned to Venice, by Henri V., on business relating to the fallen dynasty he so loyally clings to; and, fearing that his hotel might be searched by the police, during his absence, he intrusted a box, containing his most important papers, to the Countess de Guérin, who passed for one of the most stanch royalists in the *faubourg St. Germain*. Returning at length, he lost no time in reclaiming this precious deposit. "My dear marquis," said the countess, with a downcast air, "you know that I am unfortunate. The revolution of 1830 ruined me; and I cannot resist the first opportunity of reëstablishing my position in society that has offered itself; and I must demand from you sixty thousand francs for your box of papers, so compromising to yourself and friends!" The marquis, though indignant, behaved as a gentleman should do. "Madame,"

he replied, "your conduct is unjustifiable, but my blind confidence is more so—and I must pay for my faults. I have not, as you may expect, the money in my pocket, but will send my secretary with it to-morrow. Adieu!" No sooner had he left the room, than the countess thought she might have extorted a larger sum, and with that rapidity of action which accompanies crime, started for the *Prefecture de Police*, carrying with her the box of papers, declaring that she had a communication of high importance to make. The prefect received her at once, and after informing him that she had papers so valuable that the Marquis de Pastoret had offered eighty thousand francs for them, she declared her willingness to sell them to government for a hundred thousand. "It is an important affair," said the prefect, "and I dislike acting on my own responsibility. The king is at the Tuileries this morning, and we will go to him at once." This the countess did not exactly like; but there was no alternative, and in half an hour she was stammering out her treacherous offer to Louis Philippe. "One hundred thousand francs is a good deal of money to pay," said the king, "especially as you retain possession of the papers, and I cannot judge of their value." "But here is the box containing them," answered the countess, handing it over at the same time. The king took it, stepped to the door, and gave it, unopened, to an aid-de-camp, saying, "Take this box to the Marquis de Pastoret, and tell him that Louis Philippe is happy to be able to serve him." Then turning to the trembling countess, he continued, "As for you, madame, I advise you to remem-

ber, that 'honesty is the best policy,' and left the room; while the conscience-stricken woman plunk out of the palace like a sheep-stealing dog.

The new Pope, Pius IX.

THE pope of Rome is not only the head of the Catholic church throughout the world, but he is the king of a small territory called *the Papal States*. The extent of this territory is 17,000 square miles, or about twice as large as Massachusetts. The population is 2,600,000. Rome is the capital. Here the pope resides. He has two magnificent palaces, called *the Vatican*, and *the Quirinal*.

The pope governs his dominions according to his will. The people take no part in making the laws, or administering them. Most of the popes have governed in a very despotic manner. The people have been watched by police officers, and kept in check by foreign troops, employed for the purpose. Hundreds of persons have been shut up in prison, merely for expressing such opinions or writing such books, as we should consider just and proper in this country.

We are happy to say that things are much improved recently in these respects. The late pope, Gregory XVI., died last year, and the Romish cardinals elected a man now called *Pius IX.*, in his place. He seems to be liberal in his views, and kind in his feelings. He has done many things which show a good disposition. We cannot but hope that he will go forward, and overturn that dreadful tyranny which has been so long exercised by the

papal power over the souls, minds, and bodies of its subjects.

Many pleasant anecdotes are told of the new pope. The following is furnished by a person writing from Rome, under the date of June 4, 1847.

The abbey of Sabbiaco (with five thousand five hundred dollars per annum) was recently vacated by the death of Cardinal Polidori; but in this case the pope could dispose of it to whom he pleased. It was not, however, given to any relative or partisan, but a trustworthy canon was installed in charge, with orders to devote the income to the improvement of the district and the relief of its poor. This noble act created one of those bursts of enthusiasm which have, of late, thrilled the Romans' hearts; and when it was announced that the pope would visit Sabbiaco one day, the square before the Quirinal was crowded with citizens, who had come to offer their approbation. The pope's modest travelling equipage was followed by two plain carriages containing his suite, and six mounted guards; but there was a voluntary escort of young Romans, relieved by a party who had gone the day previous to the half-way house.

Cinnamon.

THIS tree is a species of bay, and is a native of Ceylon. Its leaves resemble those of the olive, and the fruit resembles the olive or acorn; but it is the bark alone which is used as spice.

Be very slow to believe yourself wiser than all others.



Knighthood.

ABOUT eight hundred years ago, the institution of *knighthood*, or *chivalry*, originated. In those times, the governments were not well established, and the laws were either bad, or imperfectly executed. A great many acts of cruelty and violence were committed. The strong oppressed the weak.

Under these circumstances, certain warriors, clad in steel, and armed with lances, rode about the country for the purpose of punishing acts of oppression, and for the deliverance of those who were suffering imprisonment or injury; these men were very brave, and the tales of their wonderful adventures formed a large part of the old books of amusement.

These warriors were called *Knights Errant*, or *Wandering Knights*.

In later times several orders of knights arose, among which were the Knights of St. John, Knights of Malta, Knights Templars, &c. These several bands were associated together for particular purposes; they were full of courage and daring, and, in some cases, became formidable even to kings and princes.

All these orders of knighthood have passed away; the knights errant have also gone, forever. Yet the history of these remarkable institutions is full of interest. The knights were generally required to serve as squires, and perform some feat of bravery, before they could receive the

honors of knighthood, which were deemed very great. The knights made solemn vows to be faithful to their cause, for life or death. Many of their exploits were indeed marvellous. At one period, romances were in vogue in which all the heroes were knights. These were represented as passing through scenes which belong only to regions of enchantment. It was to ridicule these absurd romances, that Cervantes wrote his admirable story of Don Quixote.

To a Little Girl, walking in the Wood.

"WHITHER art going, dear Annette?
Your little feet you'll surely wet;
For don't you see the streamlet flow
Across the path where you must go?
Your shawl is twisted out of place;
Your bonnet's blowing off your face;
You know not how the playful air
Is tangling up your curly hair."

"Lady, my feet I often wet,
But it has never harmed me yet.
I love to have the fresh, warm air
Playing about my face and hair;
It makes me lively, bright, and strong,
And clears the voice for my morning song."

"But do you often go, alone,
So far away from your own dear home?
Not even a dog to frisk and play,
And guide you on your lonely way?"

"My mother cannot spare the maid,
And I am not at all afraid.
The wind plays mischief with my curls,
But does no harm to little girls.
There cannot be a lonely way,
When spring makes every thing so gay.
The birds are warbling forth a tune
To welcome dear, delightful June;

In the running brook, the speckled trout,
At sight of my shadow, glides about;
The little miller in the grass
Flies away for my feet to pass;
And busy bees, through shining hours,
Play hide-and-seek in opening flowers;
The bright blue sky is clear and mild;
How can there be a lonesome child?"

"Sweet wanderer in the cool, green wood,
I know your little heart is good,
And that is why the fair earth seems
Just waking up from heavenly dreams.
There's something in your gentle voice,
That makes my inmost heart rejoice.
Pray, if it be not rudely said,
What's in your basket, little maid?"

"Lady, the nurse, who watched my slumber,
And told me stories without number,
Is now too ill to work for pay,
And she grows poorer every day.
Custards, and broth, and jellies good,
My mother sends to her for food.
I bring the water from her well,
And all my pretty stories tell.
Sometimes she loves to hear me read;
Her little garden I can weed;
And half the money in my purse
I gladly save for dear old nurse.
But if I stay to talk so free,
She'll wonder where Annette can be."

"Farewell, sweet wanderer of the wood;
I knew your little heart was good;
And that is why the fair earth seems
Just waking up from heavenly dreams."

Mrs. Child.

A Goose's Reason.

A GOOSE, my grandam one day said,
Entering a barn, pops down its head.
I begged her then the cause to show.
She answered, she declined the task;
For no one but a goose would ask
What none except a goose could know.



Jedediah Buxton.

THIS extraordinary man was born in 1705, at Elmeton, in Derbyshire. His father was a schoolmaster; and yet, from some strange neglect, Jedediah was never taught either to read or write. So great, however, were his natural talents for calculation, that he became remarkable for his knowledge of the relative proportions of numbers, their powers, and progressive denominations. To these objects he applied all the powers of his mind, and his attention was so constantly rivetted upon them, that he was often totally abstracted from external objects. Even when he did notice them, it was only with respect to their numbers. If any space of time happened to be mentioned before him, he would presently inform the company that it contained so many minutes; and if any distance, he would assign the number of hair-breadths in it, even though no question were asked him.

Being, on one occasion, required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product

by mental arithmetic, as soon as a person in company had completed it in the common way. Being requested to work it audibly, that his method might be known, he first multiplied 456 by 5, which produced 2,280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45,600, which was the multiplicand, multiplied by 100. This product he again multiplied by 3, which gave 136,800, the product of the multiplicand by 300. It remained, therefore, to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2,280, or the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5, by 15, as 5 times 15 is 75. This product, being 34,200, he added to 136,800, which gave 171,000, being the amount of 375 times 456. To complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1,368, and this being added to 171,000, yielded 172,368, as the product of 456 multiplied by 378.

From these particulars, it appears that Jedediah's method of calculation was entirely his own, and that he was so little acquainted with the common rules of arithmetic, as to multiply first by 5, and the product by 20, to find the amount when multiplied by 100, which the addition of two ciphers to the multiplicand would have given at once.

A person who had heard of these efforts of memory, once meeting with him accidentally, proposed the following question, in order to try his calculating powers: If a field be 423 yards long, and 383 broad, what is the area? After the figures were read to him distinctly, he gave the true product, 162,009 yards, in the space of two minutes; for the proposer observed by the watch how long it took him. The same person asked how many

acres the said field measured; and in eleven minutes, he replied, 33 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches, 20 yards and a quarter. He was then asked how many barley-corns would reach eight miles. In a minute and a half, he answered 1,520,640. The next question was, Supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles, how many times will a coach-wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of that wheel to be six yards? In thirteen minutes, he answered, 59,840 times.

On another occasion, a person proposed to him this question: In a body, the three sides of which are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubic eighths of an inch? In about five hours Jedediah had accurately solved this intricate problem, though in the midst of business, and surrounded by more than a hundred laborers.

Next to figures, the only objects of Jedediah's curiosity were the king and royal family. So strong was his desire to see them, that in the beginning of the spring of 1754, he walked up to London for that purpose, but returned disappointed, as his majesty had removed to Kensington, just as he arrived in town. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *Folk of the Sixty Court*. The gentlemen present asked him several questions in arithmetic, to try his abilities, and dismissed him with a handsome present.

During his residence in the metropolis, he was taken to see the tragedy of King Richard the Third, performed at Drury Lane, Garrick being one of the actors. It was expected that the novelty of every thing in that place, together with the

splendor of the surrounding objects, would have filled him with astonishment; or that his passions would have been roused, in some degree, by the action of the performers, even though he might not fully comprehend the dialogue. This, certainly, was a rational idea; but his thoughts were far otherwise employed. During the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps; after a fine piece of music, he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure; but he counted the words uttered by Mr. Garrick, in the whole course of the entertainment, and declared that, in this part of the business, he had perfectly succeeded.

Heir to no fortune, and educated to no particular profession, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labor of his hands. His talents, had they been properly cultivated, might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life; he nevertheless pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," content if he could satisfy the wants of nature, and procure a daily subsistence for himself and family. He was married, and had several children. He died in the year 1775, aged seventy years. Though a man of wonderful powers of arithmetical calculation, and generally regarded as a prodigy in his way, it is still obvious that, after the practice of years, he was incapable of solving questions which Zerah Colburn, at the age of six or seven years, answered in the space of a few seconds.

MANY have been thought capable of governing till they were called to govern.



The Absent Friend.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

ANDANTE.

Come, sing a song to ab - sent friends, Who left us all a - lone;

I feel so sad I scarce can smile, For our dear fa - ther's gone.

I miss him when, from my sweet sleep,
I rise at morning light;
And, O! I wish him back again,
When mother says, "Good night."

I miss him from the social board,
I miss him at my play;

Who is so serious when we're sad,
Or lively when we're gay?

O, haste, good ship, and bring him back,
Across the ocean wave;
I'll pray to Heaven, every night,
Our father dear to save.